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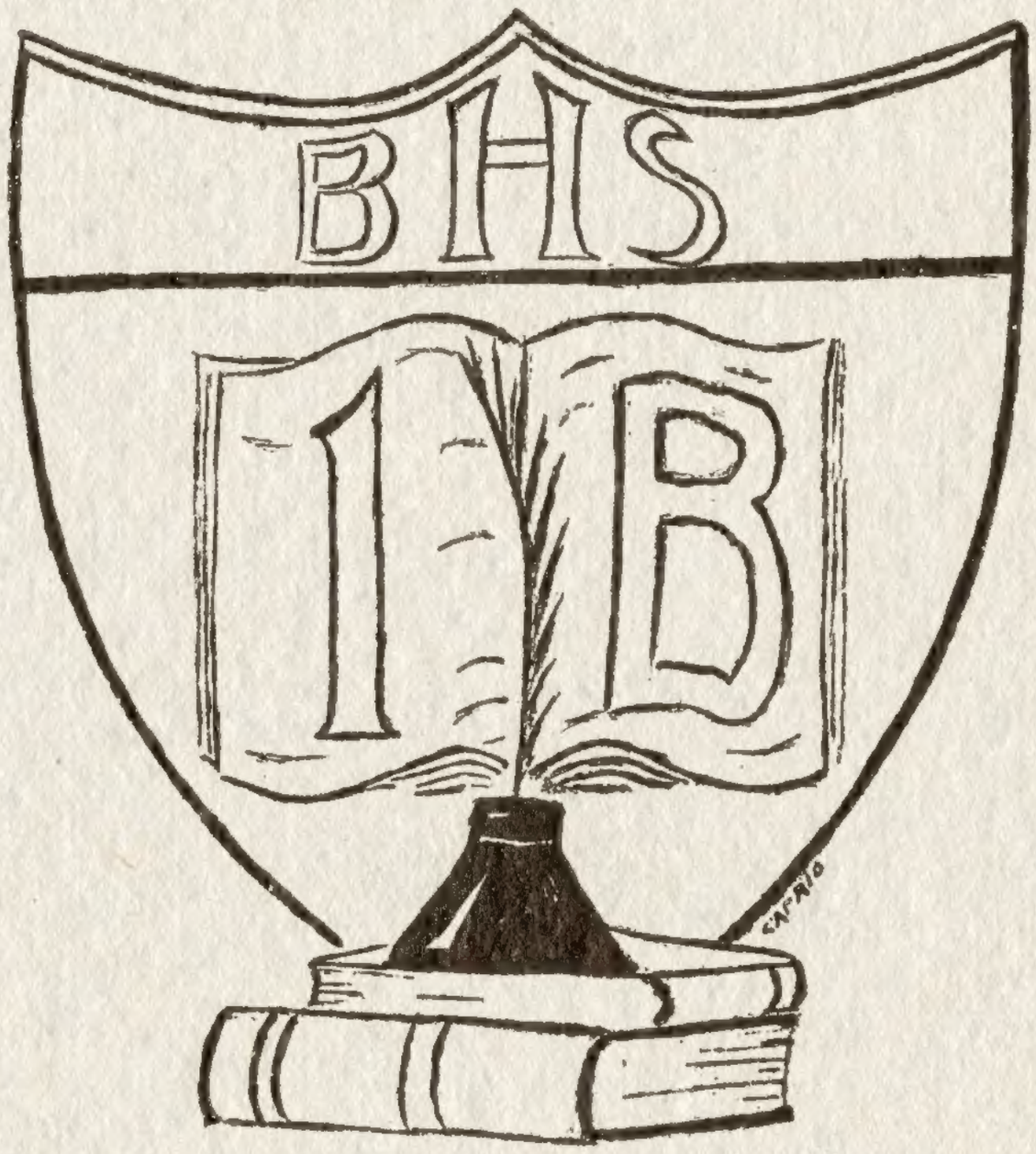

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FEBRUARY, 1918

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A PAPER BY THE STUDENTS OF BARRINGER HIGH SCHOOL

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

FEBRUARY, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN

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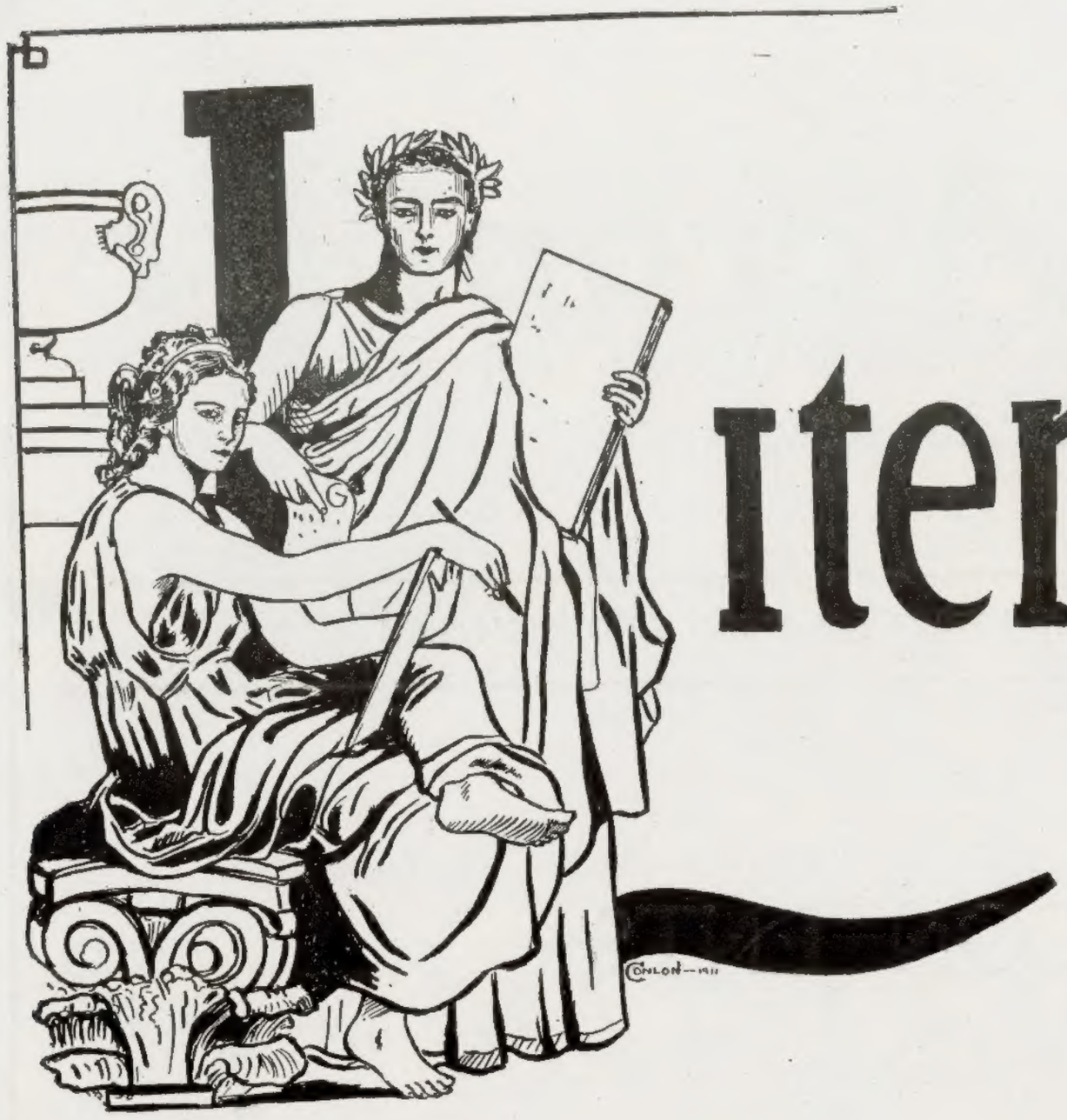

literature

ALTHA GRAY, *Ch.*
PAUL GLEIM
MARY FISHER
MARIAN GIFFORD
FRANCES GROSSEL

A Wharf Rat Patriot

By Altha Gray.

JIMMY HOWARD, thin, sandy-haired and thirteen, whistled a happy tune as he slammed the front door, for it was Saturday morning and life seemed very pleasant even on this dirty and unattractive street (which was not even worthy the name, having the dishonorable title of alley) where all the houses looked just about tired of life and where many unkempt children romped noisily. As Jimmy bounded out he hailed a group of boys of about his own age, with a tone of fraternity which indicated that this was his "gang", and the manner in which they immediately gathered about him also indicated that he was the leader.

These children lived in one of the most important of the Atlantic sea-port towns where daily great ships were loaded with munitions and supplies and sent to Europe. Jimmy had heard a great deal about this for his brother had worked on the docks and had told him many things, but now his brother Harry had gone away with the army to fight for his country's honor and, oh, how Jimmy longed to be with him, to be able to do something brave and wonderful like that. He and "the boys" were never tired of playing war, brandishing sticks and brooms and charging wildly upon the little Weissmuller's, the German children next door, who, thoroughly terrified, always fled with unmilitaristic haste and summoned "mutter." "Mutter" was never slow to come to the aid of her offspring, and her appearance was a signal for retreat to the "trenches" (a line of ash cans on the other side of the street) where the American forces bore the German attacks with no more violent offensive than the sticking out of tongues and making faces.

Mrs. Weissmuller herself was of a type calculated to frighten very young children. She was tall, stout and very red-faced with several chins and long prominent teeth. She had unusually large feet which seemed to cost her an effort to lift up and put down again when she walked, which greatly amused the young people. But when she appeared at her door with the young Weissmullers clinging to her skirts, shaking a broom and roaring out in terrible accents, "Rans! Rans! I vill dell mine husband to peat you when he comes home," and similar dire threats, the "gang" was rendered speechless.

On this particular Saturday morning Jimmy was trying to think up a new form of the "war" game, while the rest stood by lined up for action and shouldering their "rifles."

"I tell yer what," exclaimed Jimmy suddenly, "we'll try shootin' the spies. We'll line 'em up against the wall and fire at 'em."

"Yay," yelled the "gang" in a chorus, looking expectantly in the direction of the Weissmuller's

but the long-suffering German children were nowhere to be seen.

"We'll have the animals fer the spies," said Jimmy. "I'll take this one and you find some more," and he swooped down upon a starved-looking yellow dog sitting dejectedly in the gutter.

This order was not hard to execute as there were almost as many animals around as there were children. Two ferocious cats were captured from a nearby fence where they were balancing themselves tippily and getting ready for a battle. A battered hound with soulful eyes was found, which seemed utterly indifferent as to his execution, and old Mrs. Hood's pet hen, lame in one leg but very militant, which was sneaked cautiously out of her yard.

The children were about to retire to Jack Hogan's "back lot" with the innocent and astonished beasts when they spied another possible victim. Oblivious of everything about him and looking neither to the right nor the left, trotted a sleek little Dachshund, fairly strutting with Prussian pride.

"Ain't it funny," remarked one of the boys, "every single day that mutt goes by here and comes back at about the same time. Comes from Weissmuller's, I think."

"Yeh, he does," Jimmy answered. "I noticed it myself. His name's Dutch, I think. Look, there's Mr. Weissmuller now."

On the porch of the Weissmuller home, his hands on his hips, stood the master of the house watching the fast disappearing "Dutch." He was even more portly than his wife, and wore an air of importance which might lead one to believe that he was one of the chief statesmen of the German Empire. Now he stood waiting until the little dog was out of sight and then went in.

"Hay, fellers," said Jimmy, "you take the other spies and tie 'em to the fence and I'll wait till this mutt comes back and we'll have him too. It'll make old Weissy awful sore."

The "fellers" obeyed and everything was ready for the execution before the Dachshund returned. Jimmy fell upon the victim and bore him yelping and struggling to the yard where the other poor animals were firmly tied to the pickets awaiting their doom.

"Take off his collar and tie him with chains," cried Jack, "he's the most dangerous spy of all." Jimmy did so, and was about to put the collar into his pocket when an exclamation from him attracted the attention of the other boys. "Gee, what d'yeh think of this!" Between the leather of the coliar and it's wool lining was a paper folded into a thin strip. Trembling with excitement Jimmy opened it only to find it covered with queer foreign writing.

"Take it to the police station," advised Bobby Riley, whose father was a "cop." "My pa says that's what to do when you discover any spy plots and ain't sure that everything is all right."

"We'll do that," said Jimmy decisively. "Come on." After the poor, unhappy spies were released the boys set out on their errant and within half an hour reached the station house, marched up to the big desk behind which sat a kindly-looking official. Jimmy recited the whole story to him in a sing-song voice (for he had rehearsed the speech all the way over), handed over the message and presented "Dutch" who had become meek and submissive. The man looked very grave and summoned another man who also looked grave, read the note and questioned the boys.

"Now, look here, kids," he said finally, "you go home now and let the dog go and we'll look after this matter. In the meanwhile, say nothing at all about the matter. We'll trust you for that. Understand?"

They "understood," and after being thanked heartily for their promptness to act, until they were quite embarrassed, they all returned home.

That night word passed around the "gang" that the Weissmuller's house was being watched and each boy was so weighed down with the responsibility of his secret that it is a wonder he did not talk in his sleep and give it away.

Two days later as Jimmy was hanging on his front gate he beheld two men, whom he was sure were following the unsuspecting "Dutch," setting forth upon his daily errand. The same night, about 9:00 o'clock, there seemed to be great commotion in the house of Weissmuller for the children were letting out shrill screams and there were many gruff voices and much slamming of doors.

In the morning it was all in the local papers. How, from the boys' hint, it had been discovered that Weissmuller was receiving information concerning the ships from a man who worked on the wharves and was sending the messages in the collar of the well-trained "Dutch." Weissmuller had communicated this information to an influential German agent by whom he was paid. Little harm thus far had been done, the paper stated, but the plot had just been discovered in time.

Jimmy, sharing honors with the gang, was the hero of the neighborhood for many days thereafter. But it was not the praise, the fame, nor the reward (which his father had given him from his hard-earned money), which filled him with the greatest sense of exultation. It was just the thought: "Well, even if I am too young to fight, I've done *something* for my country."

Going Up

By Paul Whitfield.

"LET'S have the butter, Bert."

The speaker, Milton Westervelt, was a tall, lithe fellow, with glossy dark hair. His eyes were deep set and were of a mysterious blue color. His features were regular, although a trifle set, showing determination.

"Coming, one plate of butter," yelled Bert, as he slid the butter plate in the general direction of Milton.

Now, Bert Landers was a chap who could see something humorous in almost anything. He had helped turn many a dull evening into one of merriment. His stocky body showed that he enjoyed three square meals a day and his full face, bordered on the bottom by his curved mouth, and crowned on the top by a mass of tow colored hair, gave excellent proof of the fact that he did not know melancholy.

Milt looked at Bert when he pushed the plate toward him, and grinned from ear to ear. Although Milton was the more serious chap of the two, he could always enjoy himself with Bert. These two fellows were "bunkies" in one of the great cantonments, and were aching to get to France.

Neither Bert nor Milt bothered to get seconds on the "pumpkinless" pumpkin pie which was "on the card for dessert" for night. They had a more important mission. Both boys hustled out and did what little washing up they had to, and then set out over the corduroy road for town, some three-quarters of a mile distant.

Traveling along in the moonlight the boys were thinking of the time they were to have. It seems that both boys lived so far away from home that two girls in town had pledged themselves to be war sisters to them.

When the boys had come within a quarter of a mile of the town they quickened their pace but neither spoke for they were deeply engaged in thinking.

It was only by chance that Bert raised his head and peered into the bushes, a barred zone for civilians, on the side of the road. Once he thought he saw the bushes part and a man's head protrude. He called Milton's attention to the spot and he too saw the head. Then, with a crash, someone dashed into the underbrush from the very spot at which the boys had been looking.

"Come on, Bert, someone is trying some monkeyshines around here."

"Shoot, Milt, I'm with you all the way."

Now when one is unarmed, such as these boys were, it is a serious thing, and a rash thing, to chase a suspicious character who is in all probability armed.

Nevertheless, the boys started on a run after the fugitive.

"Milt, you go to the left, and I'll go to the right, and we will hem him in."

"All right, Bert, so long and good luck."

Thus started the chase after the fugitive. Milt soon came to the little brook, which served the camp by being the main water supply. He felt sure that the man, whoever he was, would not cross the brook, as there were nothing but low plateau lands out there, and he would be detected almost immediately. Now, Bert followed, as best he could, the trail of the man, and he was led a merry chase. Soon, however, he could hear no more of the noises, and he quickly surmised that the man was lying in wait for him. On account of this he circled around to the right until he came to the brook. Once at the brook he began to work downstream. After perhaps ten minutes of the most cautious crawling he almost stumbled upon the bulky form of a man. The man was working swiftly but silently at something connecting the water with a tank alongside him. Bert realized in a second that he was trying to undo his infernal work, and thereby go free. As this came to his mind Bert became furious, but calming himself he thought of what method of attack he could use.

The man had not learned of Bert's nearness as yet, but he would be certain to find him out if he turned for any tool; therefore, Bert decided that quick action only could save him. On this decision he crouched in the shadows of the low bushes, and made ready for his spring. At length he let out a cry which was supposed to be "Milt," but which sounded weird and jumbled. After this he waited for perhaps a second, for he wanted the man to turn. Naturally enough the man did pivot on his heels, and at this instant Bert planted a blow between his eyes, and threw himself at his heavier antagonist.

On hearing Bert's cry, Milton, who had been working cautiously upstream, jumped to his feet and ran pell mell towards the source of the cry. When he reached the two men, Bert was on the bottom but still going strong. The man had one hand free and was reaching in his hip pocket when Milt flung himself upon him and twisted that arm back so that the man hastily rolled off of Bert and cryed out in pain. Immediately Bert grabbed the man's legs and tied them with his handkerchief, while Milt did the same with the captive's hands.

"Now," said, Bert, getting stiffly to his feet, "let's see what we captured him for." He went to the brook and there in the bottom, nestled snugly in among the stones, was a machine which Bert knew the Huns used for poisoning water supplies. He ran hastily back up the bank and told Milton.

"You beat it back to camp and tell them to stop everybody from drinking the water; this Hun has poisoned our supply. Send a sentry out here to help me bring in this brute."

At this Milton was off, and he surely did run. At the sentry lines he told his story and ran on in to camp. Immediately after his story was told all water supplies were shut off.

About fifteen minutes after Milton left a sentry came running up to Bert, and together they took their prisoner into camp. At their arrival, there was a great commotion, and if it had not been for army discipline the captive would probably have been lynched.

As soon as Milton and his chum, Burton, had cleaned up they were summoned before the colonel. When they came in they saluted and then told their story twice over. The colonel commended them and said he would see that they got a good leave of absence.

Next day the captain of the company told Bert and Milton that they had been promoted to the grade of corporal, and had been granted a five-days leave of absence.

That night they had to explain to their "sisters," who were very jubilant over the outcome of their adventure, and forgave them unconditionally for not coming to town.

Union

By Clarissa Hulse.

"YES, Grand-dad, I guess this long furlough means France for me in a week or so."

The speaker, a well-built, clean-looking young fellow in the uniform of a private of the United States army, stood with his back to the fireplace in a big living room. An elderly gentleman, the soldier's grandfather, was seated in an arm-chair before the fire.

At the young man's words, he started a little.

"Yes, Jack," he replied, "I reckon it does—I reckon it does." Then, after a little pause, "I'll be lonely, boy, with you away across the water."

"I know," answered the boy, "but you'd feel worse if I stayed at home, grand-dad, you know. Why you fought for the Union in the Civil War, and it's my duty to fight for it now."

"Of course, Jack, and I reckon, if I were able, I'd go with you now."

"You would sure make a dandy chum, grandfather," was the response. "And, speaking of chums, I have got just the best one a fellow could have. He's my tent mate at camp. And the funny part of it is, he comes from just over the mountain, and I never knew him before. He lives with his grandfather for his parents as dead as mine are. His name is Ted Willoughby."

"Willoughby!" gasped the old man; then, lower, "Ted Willoughby." Oh! the remembrances that name brought back.

There was stillness in the room, for John Page was dreaming of days long gone by.

* * * * * *

He had gone back some fifty-five years to the time when he was a young fellow, even younger than his grandson. He had had a chum, too, and, oh, what friends they were, Ted Willoughby and John Page.

They lived in sunny, peaceful Virginia just across the mountains from each other, and their days went by without a worry or care.

But one day the truth of the rumors of secession and rebellion, which were abroad, was established, and North and South prepared to fight. Then it was that brother took up arms against brother, and friend against friend.

How well John Page remembered that bright day when, in answer to Lincoln's call for volunteers, he rode into town to enlist. Then, proudly wearing the blue uniform, he galloped across the mountains to tell his chum.

Ted Willoughby was on the verandah and Jack swung from his horse and started up the walk. He was half way up the steps, when—

"Stop!" came from Ted's lips.

Jack glanced up and saw that his friend's face was white and set and his eyes were like blue steel.

"Why—why, what's the matter, old chap?" he cried in surprise.

"No man in that uniform may step foot in my house," was the reply.

Jack's anger was aroused. "What uniform should I have on, but the uniform of my country?" Then a thought came to him. "Ted, Ted," he cried pleadingly, "surely you're not going to fight against our country?"

"I am going to fight for my country," came the answer. "But my uniform will be grey. I fight with the South!"

"Then, goodbye," said Jack. "We are friends no longer. I hope never to see you again!" and jumping on his horse he rode away.

They had never met in battle, and had seen each other only a few times since the war, and then, only to pass by without a sign of recognition.

And now their grandsons and namesakes, John Page and Ted Willoughby, were chums.

* * * * * *

A week later John Page accompanied his

(*Continued on page 29.*)

THE ACROPOLIS

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NEWARK, N. J., FEBRUARY, 1918

HERE'S TO YOU, FRESHIES!

WELCOME to Barringer, Freshmen! We're glad to see you with us. We may seem to bother you a lot, and tease you for being what you are, but we need you just the same. Besides, to see you enter so new and strange reminds us of the days when *we* were 1B's, and so takes some of the "wind out of our sails." And it is extremely good for the upper classmen to have their pride lowered sometimes.

So don't get discouraged if your "friends" make fun of you and tell you that you're the most insignificant person in the school, but keep right on with a grin. We know it's discouraging to step from the highest grade in Grammar school, where you were looked up to, to the lowest grade in High school, where you are considered as recruits; and we're pulling with you, so don't forget it.

Another thing. The sooner you become acquainted with the other pupils in the school the better, and we can see no better way than by joining some of the many clubs and societies that we boast of. You can find out their names and all about them from almost anyone, and if you listen you will hear notices read from the platform as to when and where they meet. Get into some of these clubs; mix in with the rest of us; be friendly. Don't try to be too prominent, but let us know that you're with us. Then, too, the baseball season will be starting almost before you realize it, and there is no better way to make friends than to go to the games. We'll have more to say about that later.

All this may seem rather disconnected to you,

but we're really just trying to tell you the things that we think will help you. Now jump right to your work with a dash, hustle around and make friends, and keep smiling. Once more we say, we're glad to have you with us.

A PROTEST.

A few weeks ago we read in one of the Newark papers some glaring headlines of the ultra-melodramatic type so well known to all of us. They concerned Barringer and Barringer students. And the "news" they carried was certainly no compliment to our Alma Mater. It seems a shame that, in order to produce a sensation and to fill space, this paper of which we speak deemed it necessary to select us for the purpose and to disgrace our name in screaming capitals.

As to the verity of the report, our personal opinion is that the whole affair was formulated by some hair-brained reporter, who grew excited, possibly, at a scarcely perceptible rumor. What arouses feeling is that, without feeling, rhyme, or reason, without sufficient proof, and with malicious intent, Barringer High School has been slandered.

We can do no more than say these things, but we sincerely hope that the matter will be taken up by someone who can *act*.

SOME MORE ABOUT KNITTING.

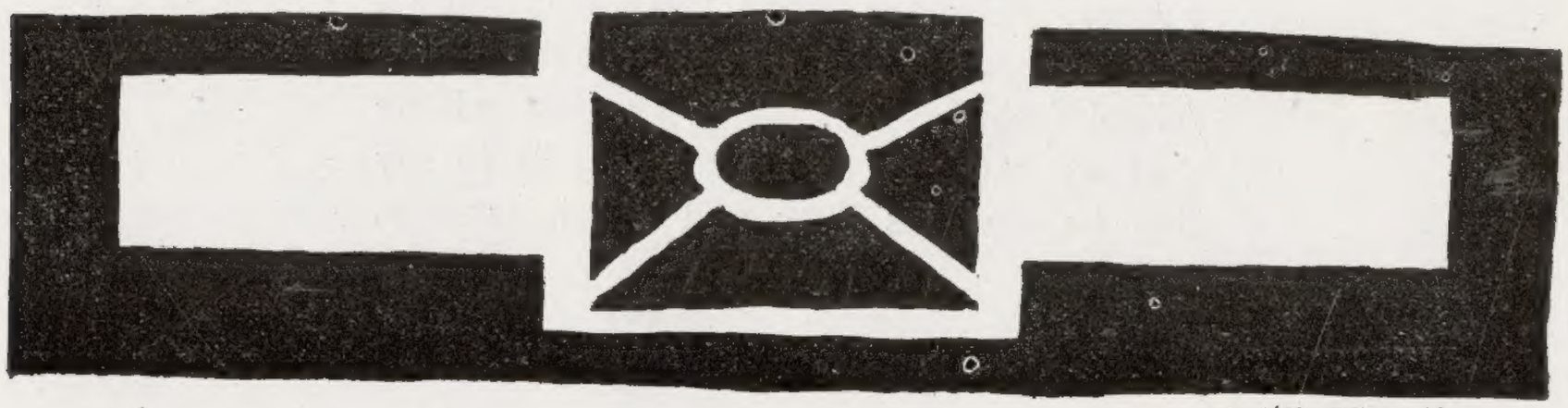
It has been said that one good result of our entering the war is that the girls have taken to knitting. Yes, but— for whom? Some of these industrious knitters have almost as many sweaters of different hues as there are colors in the rainbow—a sweater to match every new dress, blouse, or hat! This situation would be quite ridiculous were it not for the fact that it is getting to be a very serious problem. While our boys under the colors are shivering for lack of knitted articles, their sisters and girl friends at home are recklessly spending their money and time on colored wools to satisfy their own selfish desires. Meanwhile the supply of yarns diminishes and the price steadily rises. No girl needs more than two sweaters at the most, but some of us seem to forget that a soldier may possibly need just *one* far more than we. Girls, this is food for thought.

Then, too, we often notice khaki sweaters adorning (?) Barringer civilians. *Please,* fellows, remember those others "over there" and, if you *must* have a sweater, try any color at all except just the three—blue, gray, and khaki—needed by our boys in the Federal service. Any fellow caught wearing a khaki sweater ought to be ashamed of himself.

OUR NEW MEMBERS.

THE ACROPOLIS Board takes this opportunity to welcome into its midst the new members who so successfully passed their board examinations in January. There are not many, to be sure, but, from sad experience, we have learned to be exceedingly careful in picking out our co-workers. By the admission of one person only to each department, we are enabled to keep a waiting list of applicants, so that the place of any member who does not work as he should may be quickly and easily filled by a new member.

We wish these new hustlers all the success and joy possible: Harvey Williams, school news; De Warren Barnett, personals; Paul Whitfield, athletics.



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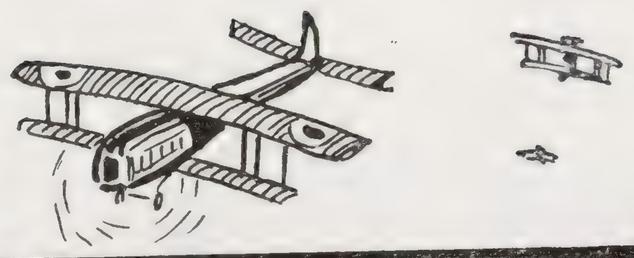
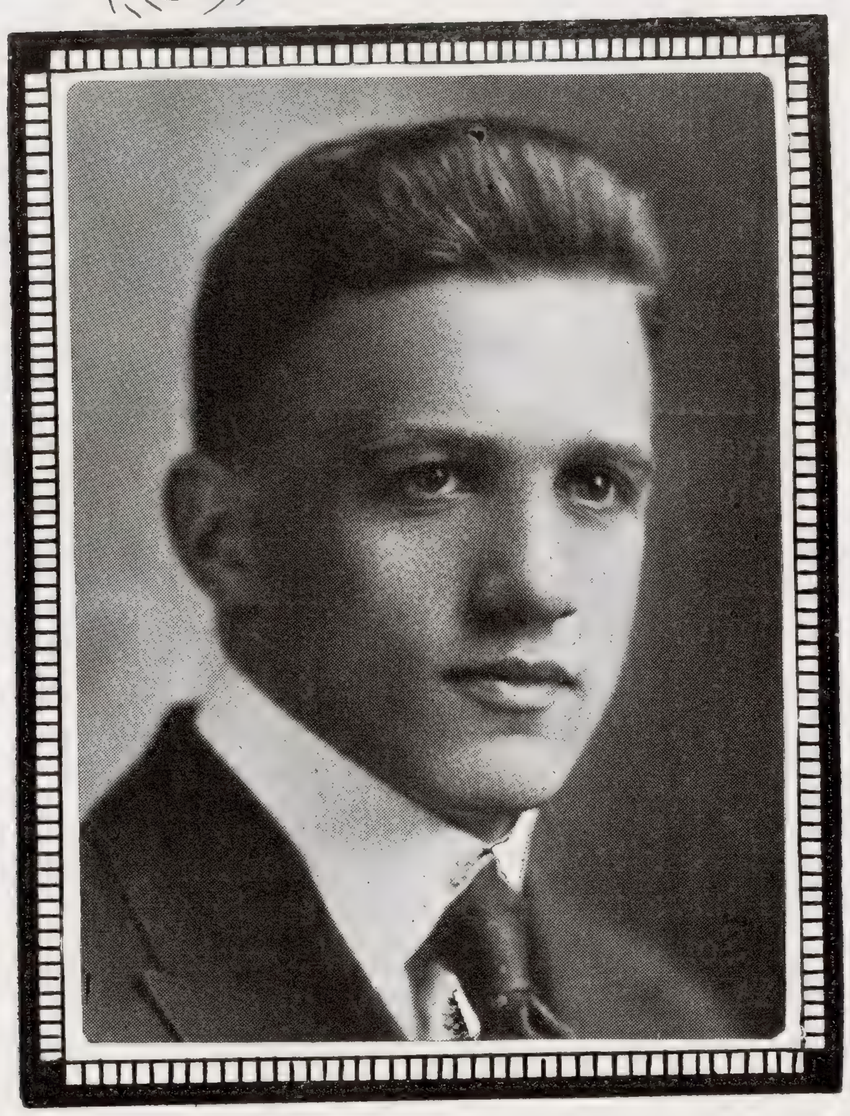




IN MEMORIAM.

Charles Hopkins, a graduate of Barringer High School, killed in action in France, February, 1918. He was known and admired by all of us, and the whole school feels his loss. The greatest tribute that we can pay to his memory is to say that he saw his duty and did it bravely.

PRO PATRIA

AGNES POOLE, *Ch.*
HELEN SHEEHAN ROBERT BISHOP

SOME EXPERIENCES AT FORT SLOCUM.

ON Thursday, December 13th, I was shipped, together with fifteen more enlisted men, from Newark en route to Fort Slocum, N. Y. We reached New Rochelle, N. Y., about noon, feeling very hungry. We were taken to the Y. M. C. A., given the use of the gymnasium, and then treated to lunch, which was served to us by the fair members of the Red Cross. Then we were furnished post cards, pencils, and even stamps, and were told to write to the folks at home.

As you probably know, Fort Slocum could not accommodate the thousands of recruits who came from all over the East. It remained for the citizens of New Rochelle to show their patriotism by offering hospitality to the men. The people did nobly. Clubs and private homes in the city were thrown open to the soldiers of Uncle Sam. Not only food and shelter, but also all sorts of entertainment were provided—movies, vaudeville, boxing bouts, and concerts—anything that would make the stay of the recruits more pleasant. Everybody in New Rochelle was anxious to help. We will never forget the kind treatment we received here. The enthusiastic patriotism of these American citizens would be good food for thought for the Kaiser.

We were anticipating a pleasant stay overnight at New Rochelle, and were enjoying ourselves in various ways to spend the time, when the word came that we were to go to Fort Slocum immediately. After "three cheers for New Rochelle," we were on our way again. We reached Fort Slocum in a regular snowstorm, and the winds, which have free play over the comparatively flat island, were helping to make us feel more uncomfortable. We had to stand outside the "receiving barracks," in the cold and wet, to receive our numbers. By supper time we were frozen all through—our feet, hands, noses, and ears. With the prospect of standing there for four hours more that night, we were a bit disheartened. Again and again our thoughts turned with longing to warm-hearted New Rochelle. Many were the harsh criticisms uttered against Fort Slocum.

The authorities were doing their best, however, to take care of the unprecedented rush for recruiting. That night mattresses and blankets were laid down on the floor of the drill "hall." Twelve men were placed on every nine mattresses, but hundreds of men were still without beds; so we slept fifteen men on nine mattresses. I think nearly a thousand men slept in the drill hall that night. In a similar way, the other thousands of men on the island were taken care of.

All day Friday we stood in line in the drill hall to have our numbers painted in red on our left hands so that there would be no mistake in numbers later on.

Friday night we were taken to a wooden barracks to sleep. When you are accustomed to sleeping in a building with no cracks in it that the wind can blow through, you are apt to make a mistake in judgment the first time you sleep in one of these wooden shacks called barracks. The shack was one-story and consisted of one long room. It was very warm. When we came in about 9:00 p. m. all the stoves were burning well. When we went to bed, we decided that it was too warm to sleep in anything but pajamas, although Thursday night we had slept in practically all our clothes.

About 2:00 o'clock in the morning, we all woke up together, as if by instinct, and gathered round the stoves to warm up. We were almost frozen. Then we put all our clothes on, and slept that way for the rest of the night. These shacks are not air-tight by any means, and the wind finds its way through all the cracks.

The next day, Saturday, we stood in line in the drill hall from 6:00 a. m. to 8:00 a. m., when we were called for our physical examinations.

Many of the boys had not left the drill hall for fear of missing their numbers when they were called, and so had gone without food for twenty-four hours or more. Some had not had mattresses to sleep on, and had slept on cement floors. Few of us had had a chance to wash in forty-eight hours. So, in general, we were a sorry looking lot of recruits—tired from lack of sleep and food. There were very few who had not acquired severe colds from standing out in the snow.

It seemed, although, of course, it was not so, as if the military authorities wanted to give us our physical examinations after all these privations to see how we had stood up to them. Well, "all's well that ends well"; most of us passed the physical examination, and we were "sworn in" at noon, Saturday, Dec. 15th, and were soldiers at last!

Vaccination against small-pox, and inoculation against typhoid fever came next. I had been vaccinated twice before, so that was nothing new to me, but I was very much interested in the inoculation. Stripped to the waist, we all passed before an assistant, who put a big dab of tincture of iodine on our right arms at the shoulder. Then we walked at a slow marching step past the physician, who jabbed the needle, containing the greatly weakened typhoid germs into the arm where it had been painted with iodine. He could jab so fast that the line of men just marched by him. He certainly was a skilled mechanic—that doctor. He must have been the original Dr. Watson, of Sherlock Holmes' fame.

The principle of the typhoid inoculation is that the introduction into the blood of these almost-dead typhoid germs causes a chemical change to occur within the body. The result of this change, I think, is that more white corpuscles are formed, which are, in this case, specially fitted to fight any active typhoid germs that may get into the body from drinking water, or otherwise. To get good results, it has been found that three inoculations are necessary, at intervals of about ten days.

After the inoculation we were assigned to the 25th recruiting company and were marched to barracks number thirty. Our company had men in it for all branches of the service—infantry, artillery, cavalry, signal corps, ordnance, and quartermaster. There were men of every degree of education—some with none at all and some with college degrees after their names. One of the boys, who slept on the mattress next to mine, persisted in saying that he belonged to the "calvary." Other men in the company said that they belonged to the "Audience Corpse." They were skilled mechanics, but had never heard of "ordnance corps" until they were asked to enlist in it. Farmers were there, "be gosh, from Brainger, Vermont," wherever that is, and "rubes" from other unheard-of-towns in the East. There were naturalized Englishmen, Scotchmen, French-Canadians, Italians, and Poles—a mixed crowd indeed. We had more than "fifty-seven" varities.

That Saturday afternoon we stood in line for about an hour, and were given overcoats, pillows, blankets, blue cloth bags for our outfits, and messkits. We carried our outfits to our barracks, where he gathered around a stove and sang songs for the rest of the afternoon. We were feeling fine, our troubles apparently all over. There had been no immediate effects of the inoculation, but that evening and the next morning the effects became noticeable. My right arm felt lame and sore. You know how your right arm feels after you have pitched a baseball around for a few hours on the first warm day after winter is over. Well, our feeling was worse than that.

It was comical to see a lot of big men, apparently strong and healthy, being helped into their blouses and overcoats, oftentimes by men of small build. This delicate operation was performed very slowly and carefully, and was accompanied by grunts of pain from the victim as the overcoat sleeve was slipped on the right arm an inch at a time.

Sunday we were treated to a surprise. We had chicken and butter too—both real. After dinner we were marched over to the supply sergeant's office to get our uniforms and other equipment. We stood in line out in the cold and snow from 1:00 p. m. to 5:30 p. m. The method of giving out the uniforms and other clothing was very simple. As a soldier entered the "issue room" from outside, the supply sergeant looked at him, yelled out some sizes, and the sergeant's assistant threw the stuff; all the soldier had to do was to catch the clothes when they came his way. Just think of all the fuss and time this method saves.

You can imagine some of the "fits." Underwear, two or three sizes too large, hats coming

down over the ears, blouses that fat fellows couldn't button, and shoes as large as canal-boats —these were some of the discrepancies. For the next few days, most of our spare time was spent in "swapping" clothes. Some fellows "swapped" their blouses four times before they were satisfied, and then at the end were sorry they had not kept the first one.

Sunday passed and Monday morning arrived. Directly after breakfast, we were assigned to what, in army parlance, is called a "detail." I never really understood how big a thing a "detail" was until that Monday morning. About forty of us had to load a wagon truck with coal, haul it with ropes over the deep snow that had collected on the roads to the receiving barracks, a distance of about a half mile, I think. There we unloaded the truck, but that was the easiest part of the job, because the bottom of the wagon could be opened, letting the coal fall out. Even with forty men on the job, it was very hard to pull that loaded truck on those roads. We made five round trips by 11:30 a. m., when we were dismissed for that was the time of the noon "mess."

I ought to say a word here about the "mess." This is the general word for meal, whether it be breakfast, lunch or dinner, or supper. From reports that have been spread, you may have the impression that United States soldiers at the various camps are poorly fed. I do not know whether these reports have been spread as a part of the pro-German anti-American propaganda, or whether they have been spread by the people who would not enjoy life unless they "kicked" about everything. But, in any case, these rumors are not true. At Fort Slocum, the only danger a man was in was that he might eat too much and so get indigestion. I have never at any other time eaten so much as I consumed while at Fort Slocum, and I didn't get indigestion, either. Plenty of "details" and plenty of fresh air prevented that.

After dinner on Monday we were assigned—forty-eight of us—to the kitchen. Ask any soldier what punishment he dreads most, and, in nine cases out of ten, I believe he will answer "the kitchen." We were on that "detail" from 2:30 p. m. Monday to 3:00 p. m. Tuesday. The work in the mess hall consisted of arranging all dishes on the table—two nickel-plated copper coffee pots, four large oval-shaped buckets made of the same material, two sugar bowls, two gravy bowls, two milk pitchers (only one of which was ever filled), two pepper and two salt cellars, two pitchers containing molasses, one bottle of ketchup, and one of vinegar. Everything was supposed to have a certain place on the table.

There were twenty-four long rectangular tables along each side of the long mess hall, making forty-eight altogether. Each one of us was assigned to one table, which had ten stools along each side and one at each end. Thus twenty-two soldiers could be fed at each table, and 1,056 men could be fed at the same time in that hall. In arranging the dishes in their correct positions on each table, a long piece of string, half the length of the room, was held by the two end men over eleven tables, and as this string was held in a certain position the command would be given "Line up those coffee pots," and each of us waiters would place the center of the coffee pot exactly below that string. Similarly with the other dishes on the table, and with all the tables in the room.

That mess hall certainly looked clean and neat after it was all arranged. Then we lined up "at attention" at the heads of our tables. Then the mess-sergeant would give the command: "Take up the coffee pots!" All forty-eight of us would pick up the coffee pots, one from each end of the table, walk out to the head of the table again, and stand "at attention," holding one coffee pot in each hand. At the command, "March," all of us would march, in order of our table numbers, to the kitchen, place our coffee pots there in rows, and march back, taking on our way two wire bread trays full of bread. We placed these trays of bread in certain positions on our tables, took up both sugar bowls, and again stood "at attention" at the heads of our tables. Again the command, "March," and we would march into the kitchen, hand our two sugar bowls to a man standing by a barrel of granulated sugar. He dipped them into the sugar, filling them, handed them back to us (this was all done very quickly so that we didn't have to stop more than one or two seconds), and we marched back to the mess hall and placed the sugar bowls in their correct positions on the table. Then we took up one of the milk pitchers, stood "at attention," and at the command, went through a process similar to the previous one. Then we filled the four large oval-shaped buckets (we nick-named them "battleships" because of their size and shape) with beef stew, potatoes, beans, and dessert, respectively, or with other things, depending upon what the menu was for that meal. Finally we went back to the kitchen for our coffee pots which had been filled by the men in the kitchen while we were getting the rest of the food. At command, we put on white aprons and coats, and stood at the foot of the table (the end toward the wall), full-fledged waiters, ready to serve.

Outside, all impatient to get in, were two long columns of men, totaling probably 1,500. The final bugle call for "mess" was the signal to enter the mess hall. The men were directed by non-commissioned officers to the various tables, so that each table was filled up first, before the next table was occupied. In a few minutes, all the seats were filled, the doors closed, the remaining men waiting outside until the mess-sergeant opened the doors again, when enough seats had been vacated inside.

Inside the soldiers helped themselves to the various things on the table, putting their portions in their mess-kits. The waiter saw to it that the buckets were filled soon after they were emptied, and that the soldiers had all they wanted. Sometimes there would be as many as four successive sets of men at the same table. We waiters ate our meals when the mess-sergeant gave us the order. That was the best part of the kitchen job. We had as much as we wanted of everything.

After mess was over, we scrubbed our tables with soap and water, and wiped them with a dry cloth. Then we washed and dried all the dishes and made them shine. Finally they were all placed in their correct positions on the table, and lined all along the hall as I have described above. We washed our stools and swept and mopped the cement floor. When we had finished at our own tables, we helped some of the fellows who had more men to serve. Everybody had to keep on working or he would receive a "bawling out" from the mess-sergeant.

I have gone into a great deal of detail in describing the work in the kitchen, because I think it is a wonderful system, particularly because it can be taught very easily to the new "green" waiters whom the mess-sergeant gets every twenty-four hours. I enjoy looking back on that "kitchen detail," but I didn't like it much when I was on the job. I have not said anything about how we "liked" the mess-sergeants. That discussion would naturally follow here, but it was not "passed by the National Board of Censorship."

Words can not express our feelings of joy at being "relieved" from the kitchen at 3:00 p. m. Tuesday by the next group of victims. We cheered and shouted, and shouted and cheered! What does the poet say about the bird, freed from its prison-cage? Well, "he said a mouthful." (English teachers, please excuse the slang.)

The word "detail, I take it, may apply either to the squad of men assigned to the work, or to the work itself. These squads, we noticed, were picked in a haphazard sort of way. A sergeant or a corporal would come into our barracks, line up the men who happened to be there (no matter what was to be done, we always had to stand in line) and pick promiscuously the number he needed. After that "kitchen detail," if we ever felt too tired to be paying attention to "details," we stayed at the Y. M. C. A. all day, taking care not to be in the barracks when the sergeant called.

And so our time passed at Fort Slocum (we had nicknamed it "Fort Soak'em")—eating, sleeping, dodging "details," and standing in line.

On Christmas morning we sood in line in the snow on the parade ground from about 7:00 a. m. to 10:30 a. m. We were "reviewed" by a colonel, and then we were shipped to Camp Upton, N. Y. The transfer, coming at this time, caused us to miss our Christmas dinner, and also spoiled any chances of our getting "passes" to go home for Christmas.

I'll bet you can't guess what we had for our Christmas dinner. Give up?

We had ONE COLD ROAST BEEF SANDWICH!

—*Alfred J. Jayson,*
3922 Morrison St., N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

GIRLS' PATRIOTIC LEAGUE.

The total number of knitted articles completed by February 1st was 469.

Articles not previously acknowledged are:

Wristlets

Aline Barlow, B. Cooper, E. Gansler, Edith Harris, Gertrude Homer (2 pr.), Harriet James (2 pr.), Kittie Kroto (2 pr.), E. Knaack, May Knust, Elizabeth MacArthur, Ethel Reichenthal, Miss Robinson, Miss Rudd (3 pr.), E. Steinmetz, Elizabeth Van Dorn, Jeanne Wechner (2 pr.).

Sweaters

Dorothy Baldwin, Allie Beckhorn, Elizabeth Bethards, G. Belfatto, Agnes Bradley, Anna Breitkopf, Elizabeth Bolles, Isabelle Cary, Francis Cohen, Bernice Cooper, Florence Brewster, Alice Dodge, Helen Benedict (2), Miss Hardin, F. Handler, Grace Held, Miss Hill (3), Isabel Huff, Susanne Ilaria, F. Flammer, Miss Field, Harriet James, Louise Jacobus, Muriel Jones, May Johnson, Thelma Johnson, Loretta Kenny, Dorothea Kopeloff, Helen Lanzetta (4), Myrtle MacNeal, Helen Morgan, Mary Mulvaney, Anna O'Malley, Frieda Paulus, Gertrude Popkin, Elsie Quackenbush, Miss Richards, D. Ryan, E. Schell, Nancy Spallone, Miss Stanley, Mary Walsh.

Helmets

Mary Cairns, Alice Dodge (3), Ruth Gregory, Edith Harris, Eleanor Hageman (3), Madeline Holter, Alice Johnson, Bessie Johnston (2), Ida Kaplan, E. Liebe, Mildred Morgan, Miss Richards, Charlotte Stearns, Miss Stanley, Edith Van Houten, Margaret Zamboni.

Mufflers

Florence Avery, Marietta Cicencia, E. Gronheit (2), Miss Hill, Gladys Hunter, Rose Paskow, Grace Rich, Miss Skidmore, Mrs. Stonsifer.

French Caps

Grace Cairns, Margaret Frazee, Eleanor Hageman, I. Harris, Bessie Johnston.

Socks

Miss Antz (3 pr.), Helen Atz, Aime Falconer (3 pr.), Elizabeth Foster, G. Griffith, Miss Hill (10 pr.), Kittie and Winnie Kroto (2 pr.), Miss Romer, Lydia Smith.

NEARLY CHRISTMAS.

Camp Shelby,
Hattiesburg, Miss.

Editor Pro Patria:

Sure I will write something about army life for the Pro Patria department of the ACROPOLIS. I'll start at the beginning where I raised my right hand and said "I do." That was on April 22, at Fort Slocum, N. Y. Harbor. My first impressions were funny. I imagined all sorts of things—a couple hours of drill a day, and then some sleep, over at New York or home at night. I was *sadly* mistaken, however. The first night in barracks I had to shovel coal half the night because a sergeant turned on the lights too quickly, and caught me in the little act of throwing pillows.

We could not leave the island without a pass, and a politician's pull could hardly wring one from the captain of the company to which I had been assigned. I did manage to land a twenty-four hour leave and came home for a couple hours before I left Slocum for good.

Then came a little harder work. We drilled; did fatigue, and learned what reveille and retreat meant. The next important thing we learned was chow call. They used to sing it with words something like these—

Rooky—Rooky—Rooky—
Come and get your chow
Rooky—Rooky—Rooky—
Come and get it now
Rooky—Rooky—Rooky—
Don't forget your chow.

Believe me, there was one "Rooky" in the crowd who learned that call at once. It was yours truly. Somehow or other I developed an appetite like a horse's. The first day or so I ate as I had never eaten at home. I must have gained about three pounds.

About five days after I had been "sworn in" we were all ordered out to leave for Fort Ethan Allen, Vt., with enough men to recruit the old second cavalry to full war strength. A day's journey and we landed at the government reservation which quartered the second cavalry. They shoved us through another physical examination and assigned us to different troops. Thirty of us went to G troop, second cavalry, and I was in that bunch. I landed a job cooking, and did that for a while. Then I acted as Orderly Room clerk, and finally acquired the title of lance corporal. I had my coat made large in the chest, for I thought I was just about "the kid himself." I've learned since that the job I held down was one of the most disagreeable in the service, but time and a little experience removed the large idea I had of being a lance-jack.

Sometime in May there came an order which created two regiments of cavalry—the 18th and the 19th. I was assigned to A troop of the 18th. We did cavalry drill and were cavalry until about June or July, when another order came and transferred us from 18th cavalry to 1st provisional F. A. We then divided our time between cavalry and artillery drill. On September 5th I was made corporal and then I sure did think I was some soldier.

On October 1st we made into the 76th F. A. It was getting very cold in Vermont, and about November 3rd we were moved to Camp Shelby, Hattiesburg, Mississippi. This is the dustiest, dirtiest, most far-from-civilization place I have ever been in, and all I can hope for is that we shall receive orders sometime in the near future to move to Jersey or some other more pleasant locality. In December we had a2 general inspection and have been waiting ever since then for orders to leave.

School News

EMMA ANTZ, *Ch.*
HARVEY WILLIAMS
ESTELLE KAMM
CHARLES SILBER

CLASS DAY OF JANUARY, 1918.

As everybody knows, the class of January, '18, held its Class Day in the auditorium on the afternoon of January 25th. What a day it was! You couldn't step into the corridor without bumping into a Senior A wrapped up in a long (usually borrowed) overcoat, by means of which he was endeavoring to hide his new, gorgeously colored costume. And as for going into the auditorium, without being invited—why, you'd think those Seniors were 1B's by the way they threw things at you!

But if you happened to be a lucky person and had received an admission ticket, your curiosity was soon amply satisfied. At 3:30, the large audience had the pleasure of seeing those dignified Seniors come marching onto the platform in lockstep, and dolled up in prison costumes of striped blue and orange. They looked terribly weary though, and before long they were singing a song that began "We're feeling weary," and that had a lot about books and detention in it.

Then President Terhune, who was very conspicuous because of the cop's uniform that he wore, rose from his seat of honor in the center of the first row and addressed the class. "Where are those blacks?" he wanted to know. "You four deps go get 'em for me." Then four girls (they were Marion Bardsley, Grace Thompson, Pauline Wesser and Dorothy Duncan—in case you didn't recognize them) left the stage and presently reappeared from the front of the auditorium, each dragging along with her a big black man. (The blackies were Ray Berry, Sammy Gregory, Joe Wludyka and Bill Flanders, you know). The cop asked them where they had been, and on receiving no satisfactory answer said that since this was their last day in the prison they would be permitted to go unpunished if they supplied sufficient amusement for the company during the afternoon.

Then the fun began! It was really surprising, the way those darkies cracked jokes, danced and sang. Each one sang at least one song, to which the other prisoners added a chorus. Joe Wludyka sang about "The Dear Old Clifton Line," Sam Gregory's song was "All That's Worrying Me Is Someone Else May Be There While I'm Gone." Ray Berry made a big hit with his "San Domingo," while Bill Flanders threw aside all dignity and tumbled over the platform singing "Old Green River."

Incidentally, Rachel Bradley sang a parody on "A Baby's Prayer at Twilight." This time it was our class prayer for "that game with brave E. O." The prisoners assembled also sang a "Faculty Song," as well as their class song, the Alma Mater, and "The Star Spangled Banner." The accompanying orchestra was composed of Miss Rose Nusbaum, pianist, and Miss Pearl Burkhart, violinist.

Mildred Turner delighted everybody by reading a "Pardon" for the prisoners. The "Pardon" told the history of the class—how they were arrested as 1B's and kept in Barringer for four (sometimes otherwise) long years, and how they were finally pardoned by the guardians.

Just before the close of the entertainment, Irene Owens, representing Miss Columbia, appeared on the platform. She was followed by Betty Stanton and Dotty Shiffmayer, who brought in the American flag and placed it in Miss Columbia's hand. Then everybody saluted and sang "The Star Spangled Banner."

The final episode was the presentation of the Key of Knowledge. Our treasurer, Sammy

Gregory, presented it to the 4B president with fitting remarks and gestures, but these for some inexplicable reason were not pleasing to Mr. Pilling.

COMMENCEMENT OF JANUARY, 1918.

The class of January, '18, held its Commencement exercises in the auditorium on the evening of January 28. The program was as follows:

March—"Hero Land" .....*Frank Tours*
School Orchestra.

Song—"When the Boys Come Home"
Oley Speaks
The Class.

Address—
Rev. Harry Y. Murkland, D. D.

Song—"Stand, Stand Up, America"
Edward Horseman
The Class

Wayland E. Stearns.
Awarding of Diplomas

Class Song—"Words and Music"
F. Ethel Gansler

Alma Mater

"The Star Spangled Banner."

But there was one change in the program. When the time came for the awarding of the diplomas, Mr. Sexton was nowhere to be found. After waiting a few minutes, Mr. Stearns announced that something was going to happen to this class which had never happened to any other—the members were going to receive their diplomas from their own principal. The class was so delighted that Mr. Stearns said he wished he had never asked anyone else!

4A ELECTIONS.

Amid the usual excitement and unusual (?) noise, our worthy Senior A's elected those whom they wished to lead them through their last term at Barringer. Although Room 61 tried to drown all speeches in favor of Charles Frazier, he became president. The class received a surprise during the election for vice-president, for when the tellers began, "Miss Atz, Helen Atz, Helen, Helen, —" Joe Brown could control himself no longer, and jumping up, he cried, "Oh! Atzy, old girl!"

But May Knust, receiving a greater number of votes, became vice-president. Altha Gray, sua consuetudine, carried off the honors for secretary. Undoubtedly, Elizabeth Bolles' speech entitled, "Our Treasurer, Jack Bryden," helped Jack secure that office again. During the meeting a motion was made and passed; then discussion began, but in spite of Alfred Lippman's "Cushing's Manual," and Burke Boyce's "Cushing's Manual or no Cushing's Manual, to the contrary notwithstanding," the motion was repealed. No other business of importance was transacted.

OUR NEW PHYSICS INSTRUCTOR.

Mr. Roger B. Saylor has come to Barringer to take the place of Mr. Jayson in the Physics department. Mr. Saylor was for three years a teacher of Physics in the Boys' High School of Redding, Pennsylvania. He has also been assistant in Physics at Columbia University. THE ACROPOLIS extends a very hearty welcome to him, and wishes him all success in his career at Barringer.

SCHOOL NEWS.

The monthly meeting of the Thalians was held Thursday, February 7, 1918, in room 76. It was voted, after a long discussion, to adopt a French war orphan. The following officers were chosen: Pres. Joseph Brown, Vice-Pres. Mary Meeker, Sec. Mildred Taylor, Executive Committee—Burke Boyce and Altha Gray, Stage Custodian Walter Taylor. The elections, save that of the president, were very close, and everybody had an exciting half-hour. A committee was then appointed by the president to communicate with the nearby high schools and find out if it would be possible for any one of them to allow the Thalians to present "Gringoire" on their stage. The committee consisted of Burke Boyce and Ruth Cairns. This new movement marks the beginning, we hope, of interscholastic dramatics, whereby the plays presented at one high school may be shown at all the other high schools also. Come out, all ye Thalians, and help boost this innovation.

3A CLASS.

The 3A class held its organization meeting on February 4, in room 37.

Officers for the ensuing term were elected as follows: Ralph Reichenthal, president; Rosina Rathbone, vice-president; Clarissa Hulse, secretary; Anson Van Ness, treasurer.

Charles Barkhorn, chairman; Martha Tully and Gertrude Mezger were appointed as a committee to arrange for the class sociables.

Samuel Harkavy and Marion Guilbert were named as the committee for class colors.

GLEE CLUBS.

Have you joined the Glee Club? If not, you surely ought to do so, for the Glee Clubs promise to be most successful during the coming year.

If you join the Glee Club and attend the meetings regularly, it counts as a half-point toward graduation. That is, you receive as much credit for Glee Club practice as you do for shop, sewing or drawing. The schedule for rehearsals will be published later by Miss Darnell, who is in charge.

During the spring term, the two Glee Clubs will give a concert. The subject will be "Joan of Arc," which was written by Alfred Gaul. Not only the Glee Clubs, but also many prominent soloists will take part. Among those will be the tenor and bass from the choir of St. Bartholomew's Church, New York. Miss Grace Kairns will also render several solos. The date of the concert will be announced very soon.

A short important meeting of the class of June, 1918, was held January 11th at 3 p. m., in room 56, Mr. Pilling presiding. It was proposed that the scheme to purchase a moving picture machine be abandoned. The proposition went through. A member moved that the class continue its effort to increase the fund and, if a sufficient sum is obtained, buy Liberty Bonds. These bonds to be given to Mr. Stearns for the purchase of a machine at a later date. The motion was carried. As there was no further business the meeting adjourned at 3:45 p. m.

THE CLUBS OF BARRINGER

CLUB	ADVISOR	ROOM
Athletic Association,	Mr. Alan Johnson	45
Boys' Glee Club,	Miss Grace Darnell	39
Discussion Club,	Chief Broadhead	Gym.
French Club,	Mr. Milwitzky	64
German Club,	Mr. Peter Nicklas	33
Girls' Glee Club,	Miss Grace Darnell	29
Orchestra,	Miss Grace Darnell	39
Rostrum,	Mr. Morris Barr	51
Science Club,	Miss Price	85
Thalians,	Mr. F. Crosse.	

Honor Roll

FEBRUARY, 1918.

4A Room 31. Ethel Gansler, Fred Green, Louis Kanengieser, Frank Liebe, Robert Mapletoft, Walter Weinberg.
Room 65. Dorothea Schiffmayer, Mildred Turner.

4B Room 26. Mildred Hammell, Marguerite Schleuter, Alexander Lewi.
Room 32. Camilla Browning, Anna Douthert, Elizabeth Bolles, Dorothy Gorham, Helen O'Connor, Katherine Sayre, Dorothy Van Ness.
Room 56. Morris Berg, Joseph Crecca.
Room 61. Mary Fisher, Evelyn Gardner, Doris Jamouneau, Marion Smith, Mary White.

3A Room 25. Mildred Goodman, Edith Miller, J. Murray Duguid, William Fleishfarb.
Room 36. Jean Judson.
Room 41. Edmund Cox.
Room 66. Elsie Heinmetz, Dorothy Prell.

3B Room 37. Clarissa Hulse, Rose Stammelman.
Room 51. Elizabeth Bolland, Mildred Taylor.
Room 63. Anna Kabis, Arthur Raymond.

2A Room 33. Esther Lefkowitz, Charles Brewer.
Room 35. Marguerite Rusby.
Room 57. Montfort Dill.
Room 59. Florentine Jauss, Frances Gordinier, Olga Langenecker.

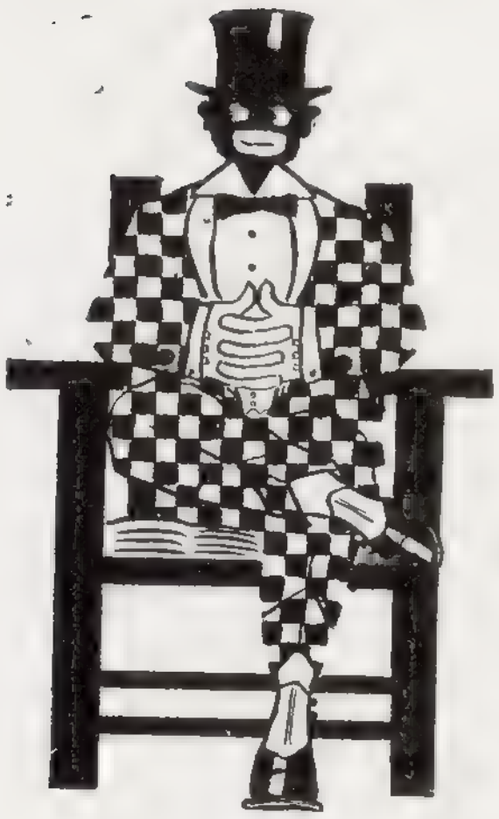
2B Room 42. Eda Ahr, Celia Nolbert, Lena Olshan, Elsie MacBride, Matilda Strasburger, Marion Thompson.
Room 43. Isabel Cary, Lucile Jessurin, Melvin Jackley, James Kearney, Walter Scott.
Room 45. Fannie Jones, Mary Meeker, Katherine Wicks, Philip Nohemie.
Room 67. Florence Brown, Anna De Hart, Anna Dempsey, Louise Durand, John Cairns, Sherman Corwin.

1A Room 60. Helen Alcott, Arline Allsop, Doris Lindsay, Dorothy Stone, Louise Urquhart, Elizabeth Wehner, Max Mareiniss, Earl Wieland.
Room 69. Helen Popplse, Sylvia Rosenstein, Robert Tebus.

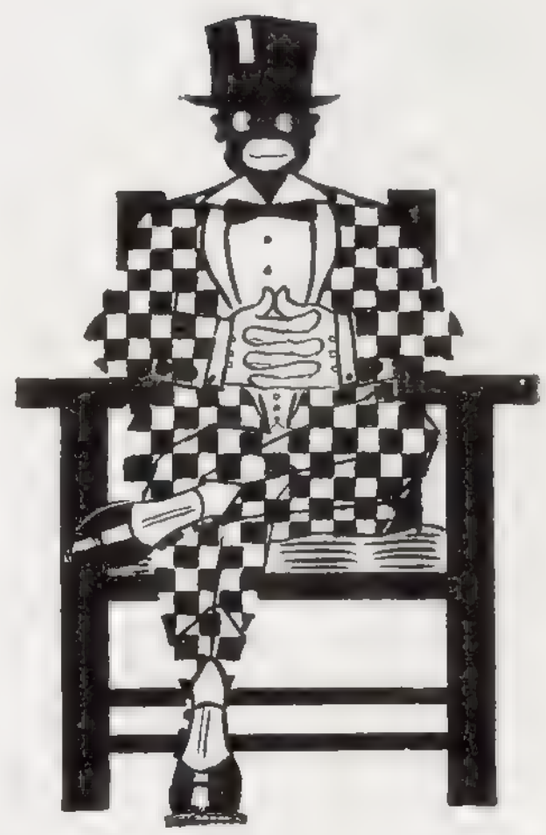
1B Room 38. Marietta Cicencia, Gertrude Homer.
Room 39. Mary Crowe.
Room 76. Madeline McMullin, Laura Stephens.
Room 81. Helen Finn, Bertha Gordinier, Frances Kolodin, Dorothy McCance, Irene Murphy, Blanch Nixon, Margarita Slater.
Room 87. Mary Margaret Barr, Constance Carpenter, Ruth Gregory, Florence Hatch, Margaret Kohn, Stuart Blodgett, William Koester.
Room 92. Helen Stone, Gondolfo Rizzo.
Room 95. Annie Dillingham, Katherine Williams.

(Omitted from December record):

1B Room 87. William Koester.



Well, Mr. Bones?



KENNETH CARRINGTON, *Ch.*
HELEN KUSSY
MARION SMITH
DE WARREN BARNETT

Poor little one B's
Who sit at ease
For fear and fright.
Such a queer sight.
Everyone looks
Till he has books,
Then away he does go,
For the seed he must sow.

Teacher—Why are babies fed baking powder?
Smart One—To make them rise.

TO IDLER.

Have you enjoyed any other "movie" better than the 4B?

IN 6I.

Class—Don't we sit downstairs in the auditorium?

Teacher—I don't know as yet.

Class—All 4A's do.

Boys—Yes, after working four years for it, that's a skin.

IN THE SANCTUM.

First—Say, our Ed thinks he's getting old.

Second—Why?

First—Where's those bright socks he used to wear?

Second—They're faded.

Wild-eyed Customer (running into store)—"I want 25c worth of Arsenic."

Clerk—"This is a hardware store but we have a fine collection of knives, guns, and ropes if they'll do.

It has been said that they charge Art. Tries the price of a hair cut every time he gets a shave.

Prof. in Physics—"Archemedes discovered gravity on getting into a bath. Why had he never discovered it before?"

Flunker—"Probably that was the *first time* he ever took a bath."

English Prof—"An anecdote is a short tale. Can you put the word in a sentence?"

B—A rabbit is an animal *with four legs* and an *anecdote*.

"Daddy, are you growing still?"

"Why, my little man?"

"The top of your head is coming through your hair."

One day during a trip in the woods Carrington was noticed with a large stick. When asked what it was for, he replied: "No squirrel is going to get me without a big fight."

Said the orator—"I am a self-made man."

Voice from the Rear—"That fact relieves the Almighty of grave responsibility."

Mother—"Oh, doctor, Ben seems to be wandering in his mind."

Doc.—"Never mind, madame, he can't wander far."

Brown—"What makes a balloon go up?

Foster—"Hot air."

Joe—"What keeps you down?"

Kenneth—"Don't you patronize that hotel barber any more?"

Arthur—"No, he's too absentminded. The last time I went in for a shave he pinned a newspaper around my neck and gave me a towel to read."

Prof. in Civics—"Why should we celebrate Washington's birthday any more than mine?"

Class Dunce—"Because he never told a lie."

Berry likes things to worry about. He wonders, for instance, if diplomas will be made smaller this year because of the high cost of paper.

Said an up-town politician to his son—"Look at me! I began as an inspector of elections, and here I am an alderman-at-large; and what will be my reward? Why, when I die, my son will be the greatest rascal in the city."

Replied his son, hopefully—"Yes, dad, when you die—but not until then."

Idler—"Why don't you shave?"

Carrington—"It took me seventeen years to get these feathers and I'm not going to part with them now."

FOR HISTORY STUDES.

Moushel—"How long do people usually live without brains?"

Poland (after hesitation)—"How old are you?"

Barnett—"What are you running for?"
Berry—"To stop a fight."
Barnett—"Who's fighting?"
Norman—"Me and another fellow."

"Lend me your ears," exclaimed the orator.
Idler—"That's asking too much."

Prof. (dictating a sentence)—"Since I have come to Newark the city has been greatly beautified."

Jennings—"You look pale, Art."
Tries—"Yes, I just had a close shave."

Boyce—"What time is it?"
Carrington—"One o'clock."
"Sure."
"Yes, I heard the clock strike four times."

A youth of fame named Brown
On the stage has won renown,
He surely can act,
'Tis a well known fact,
Soon he'll be the rage of the town.

"You just take a bottle of my medicine," said the doctor to the consumptive, "and you'll never cough again."

"Is your medicine as fatal as that?" cried the man in alarm.

G—p—Hearing awful noises coming from 39. What's that?

Ed—Oh, that must be the *harmony* class!

You've all heard tell,
My fellow studes,
Of sayings of 4A's,
And many a tale,
Is told about
The freshman and his ways;
But what about the Juniors—
Do they never say a word?
Are Sophs half-hearted people,
'Cause you've never from them heard?
Just let me tell you one thing—
The Sophs play silly pranks,
The Juniors *do* say clever things,
Altho' they get no thanks;
So I thought I'd write this ditty,
To give those folks a chance,
Because it is a pity
That they make no advance.

We all know what tune goes with this!
"I love the winter best of all the year,"
The dreamy poet cried, but now I fear
He's changed his mind when he can get no fuel;
He feels his feet are freezing, and his home is cool.
Then the ice, and the snow,
He must clean his walk or go,
And pay a fine of "ten,"
"If summer times ever comes once more,"
The poet moans, "I'll *never* write of winter lore.

ANOTHER NEW YELL.

Bean soup, bran bread, and no pie,
Conservation, that is why.

1918 WINTER SPORTS.

Flunking.
Waiting for Clifton cars.
Talking about "Conservation.
Falling on Branch Brook Lake.

THE LATEST TRANSLATION OF "W. S. S."

Wilhelm Shall Shake!

HOME RULE.

My wife's felines and Fido practically rule our house.

A case of reigning cats and dogs, as it were.

Exchange.

Miss Press (in history)—The colonies had a standing navy.

A—If two Americans fell out of an airship what nationality were they when they came down?

B—Ask someone who knows.

Abe—I know, one came down a Russian, the other landed on the telegraph wires and came down a Pole.

WHY?

When Mr. Stearns, in his appeal for "W. S. S." remarked that many of us go to our "comfortable homes," etc., some people were seen to pull up their collars. Why?

IN GEOMETRY.

Teacher—What is π for?

Billy—Don't mention it, these are conservation times!

Miss Thorpe to "Red" Wollman, who has asked a question in advance of the lesson—

You've (a) re(a)d (a)head, haven't you?

Conservation of all the heated remarks used in attempts to thaw out pipes frozen during the recent (?) cold spell would go far in easing the burden of the fuel administrator!

Now the term is over,
Weary, sad am I,
When I think of my marks
I just want to sry!

As a result of the freezing and bursting of pipes in his own laboratory, Dr. Frederic Dannerth, a consulting industrial chemist of our city, visited our chemical laboratories daily for a week or two, and was much interested in the work of the students. Dr. Dounerth is a specialist in materials used in the manufacture of automobile tires.

First Stude—What was the name of the drama?

Second Stude—All for Love.

First Stude—What was that? All for nothing?

Second Stude—I guess so.

Miss Darnell—Did Buthanen live a very secluded life.

Marian Smith—Yes, he never married.

HEARD IN THE CLOAK ROOM.

I'll have some powder after lunch.

Could one perfect block of wood be made?

Ans.—If you all put your heads together, you could.

Teacher—Is it true that women are only ornaments in life?

Kolbinsky—Yes, ma'am.

IN MEMORIAM!

Room 61 Thermostat.

Our wonderful thermostat
Has a voice like a rat.
When the door swings,
The dear sings.
She talks more than all
Both the great and the small,
But our poor teacher
Can't teach *her*
Nor give *her* detention
So it pleads for a pension.

THE LATEST SOCIETY NOTES.

Mr. and Mrs. Patriotism announced the engagement of their son Army to Miss U. S. Navy, at a dinner given at their home. Among the guests were Mr. F. Conservation, Mr. Wheatless Dey, and the debutantes, Miss B. Lightless, and Miss N. O. Cole, who have just come out. Telegrams of congratulations were received from the numerous friends of the family and it was announced with regret that the bride's Uncle Sam could not be present because of important business.

CLASS DAY JOTTINGS.

We wonder which was mussed up the more, Pelling's complexion or his temper? and

How did Terhune succeed in looking so much like a *conductor?*

It is reported that London is short of barbers. So is Petrograd, if the photographs are to be believed!

Many a pretty knitting girl looks preoccupied now, whereas her thoughts are only wool-gathering.

H—Say, what do you think was the most dramatic moment in the Thalian play, Gringoire?

R—Why, the part when Joe's wig came off with his hat!

(No doubt Joe thought so, anyhow!)

We're always happy,
We're never sad,
We're *never* nappy,
We're *always* glad.
Our jokes are funny,
They're worth a hoard—
Who are we, sonny?
The Personal Board.

IN ENGLISH.

Why did Tom Schneider groan when the following quotation from Burke was read: "It is not easy to make a monopoly of theorisms and corrollies"?

Inquisitive—Oh, Hollman, please tell me something about the human eye.

Rice—It's naked.

How Seniors Know When They Are Being Addressed By 1B's

It Is Either

Like this ↓ or Like this ↓

Pardon Me Sirs. But would one of you Gentlemen Kindly direct me to the OFFICE OF THE Principal
CELLULOID
Hey- IF one OF you GUYS WANNA DO SOMETHIN FER YER COUNTRY JES TIP OFF YER UNCLE HERE HIS TA WHERE HIS "ROYAL HIGHNESS" HANGS OUT

IN GYM

We are glad to see that the 1B's are so courteous!!!

All "1Bs" Are Not "Little 1Bs"

THE KINDNESS OF ONE SENIOR WHO VOLUNTEERED INFORMATION WAS REPAID BY THREATS OF VIOLENCE FROM A SUSPICIOUS AND SOMEWHAT PUGNACIOUS 1.B

How the 1B's will soon Look, IF they Keep decreasing in size!

GRACE CAIRNS, *Ch.* JACK BRYDEN

MY EXPERIENCES WITH THE 13th CAVALRY

Sitting Down in the Saddle at a Trot.

Headquarters, 5th Division, U. S. A.

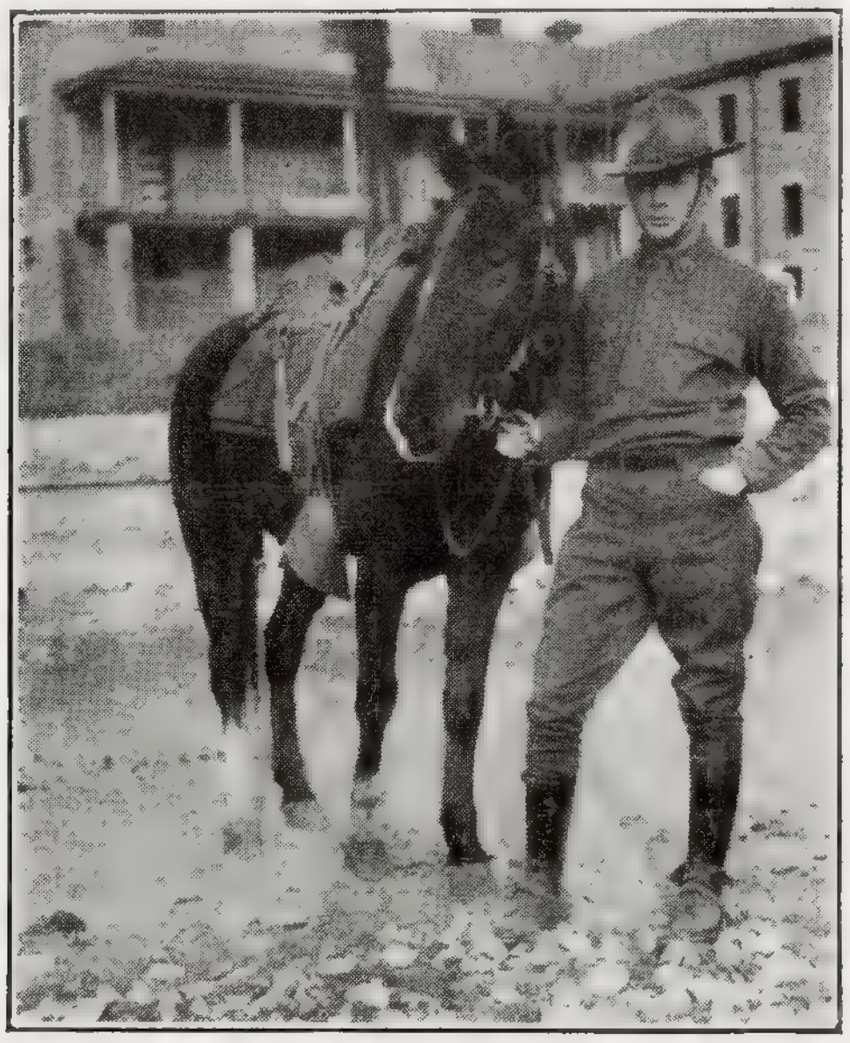
Friends, Barringerites, Fellow-students:

Lend me your ears! Not many of us who hail from the East know much of the cavalry. I've found out a little about it, so I'm going to tell you some of my experiences. Doubtless you all have some relatives or friends in the army, so you've all heard about this "army life." I'll just tell you of a few experiences peculiar to my branch of service.

"soldier boy." But I am only a first class private and while I do not know much about this life, what little I've learned I'll try to relate.

Well, to begin with, Fort Riley is not the coolest spot on earth in the summer time. I know I didn't think so when each morning after a half-hour of "physical torture" we hoofed it over the hills up to our drill grounds. Here half the outfit was given dismounted drill and the other half mounted drill; a fortunate few having been left behind on some sort of fatigue.

Have you ever seen the new issue saber? Well, it is about three and a half feet in length,



I passed through those thrilling days as a raw recruit safely, was assigned to the 13th cavalry, and became a private in M Troop. The newspapers, if they had anything to say about me, would call me a "Sammie" and if I had a sweetheart no doubt she would refer to me as her

with a hilt about half the size of a sugar barrel. I'm not quite sure but after something like fifteen minutes' drill the saber weighs close to 1,000 pounds. Our squad would wave them and jab them around in the air in a vain effort to imitate the graceful thrusting of the instructor.

After everyone's wrist and arm were ready to drop off, we would drill for half an hour or so more, just to make sure; then we'd swap sabers for rifles.

One word more about those sabers. They have been taken away from the 13th cavalry; no one was sorry. One of the fellows in our outfit, known as "the Wop," just about expressed our feelings when he said, referring to the saber, "Deesa ting no good. We go France, me trow heem away. Me usa da stilletto on dose German peeg!" Nevertheless, I would like to have one —just to hang it on the wall in my room where I might look at it and think of the many hot weary hours I wielded it awkwardly about in the air.

Rifles, which had a bad habit of getting dirty at all times, were used to tire us out for the next period following saber drill. I never could see how the "dough boys" acquire such efficiency in handling a rifle through the manual of arms. The chief use for the rifle is to be cleaned and even then it helps to get a soldier a lot of "extrys." It has one other use I know of. Sometimes if you ride out on a hike bareback, a rifle slung across your back is sure to make a fine row of sores.

Rifles were duly exchanged for pistols. This drill was not so bad as the .45 does not weigh much, though it is an awful sized cannon to shoot at a human.

These drills having taken up half the allotted time for morning drill, we exchanged with the men who were mounted. Sometimes a wagon with water came around—sometimes—not always. When it did we were each given a dipper of water. I always wanted to drink the whole barrel, but the driver was bigger than I, so I never tried.

Now came the worst part of the morning—mounted drill. Did any of you ever try to sit down in a hard leather saddle at a trot? I had to, and, as a result, ate many a meal standing up. We rode around in a circle known as a "bull ring." We were warned to keep "four feet from head to croupe," but we soon learned to do so without orders. Horses have a bad habit of lifting iron-shod hoofs when one rides up on them, and if it had not been for good luck and leather leggings, many shins would have been broken.

After all, one soon falls into the way of riding and then equitation and mounted drills are a source of great pleasure. Lots of the boys fell off but were not hurt. One time, while riding at a charge, two men in front of me fell from their horses. Foolishly, I jerked my horse to one side, not stopping to think that an army horse will jump a prostrate man. My cinch came loose, and both saddle and I parted from the horse. This is the only time I ever fell off while in the saddle, though I've been thrown several times while riding bareback.

Lots of the boys "pulled leather," or grabbed the saddle in an effort to hold on, and consequently were ordered to unsaddle and ride bareback. When one is new at it this proves most disagreeable. I never grabbed my saddle (when a non-com. was looking) so I, fortunately, escaped this punishment.

After mounted drill we marched back to the stables and groomed. This is a rather disagreeable duty. Some of these western horses do not care much for a grooming kit, and do not hesitate much in making the fact known. Bluffing does not go with an army horse, so they have to give in sooner or later.

One thing happened some time ago while the troop was grooming that I shall never forget. It was during a very cold spell when there was a thin coating of ice on all the water. One of the boys was grooming a "loco" horse called "Speedway." Just behind said soldier was a watering trough and in said trough was over a foot of icy water. Old Speedway "made a pass"

13th U.S. CAVALRY.

at our fellow-trooper, who jumped back hastily and fell into the trough. Our hero proceeded to yell and kick until one of the fellows helped him out. Poor lad! Everybody from the lieutenant-in-charge down to the worst buck private in the rear rank felt so sorry for him that we all nearly split our sides laughing. Being in the army, the unfortunate was compelled to finish grooming in his wet clothing.

After dinner we had semaphore signaling, sighting with rifles, and about an hour of "physical torture." The afternoon drills over, we shined up and got ready for retreat. We could go where we chose from retreat to revielle next morning. Usually we hit the hay as town held few attractions for a very tired soldier.

We had so much to learn that while we drilled hard all last summer it never got monotonous. What I have told you is the usual routine gone through by a soldier on duty. Many days were spent on fatigue; we considered this lucky if we got a snap job. Personally, I always despised kitchen police. I'd rather drill any day than do fatigue.

Lots of the boys went on sick report and being marked "quarters," spent many hours "gold-bricking." Rains were few, so as a troop we had very little "bunk fatigue."

For me the most enjoyable days were those we spent on mounted hikes. Once a week we would saddle up and ride out for several miles. Having selected a suitable spot, we encamped. The long row of little shelter tents and the horses tied to a picket line was a very pretty sight. Usually one squadron, which consisted of four troops, encamped together.

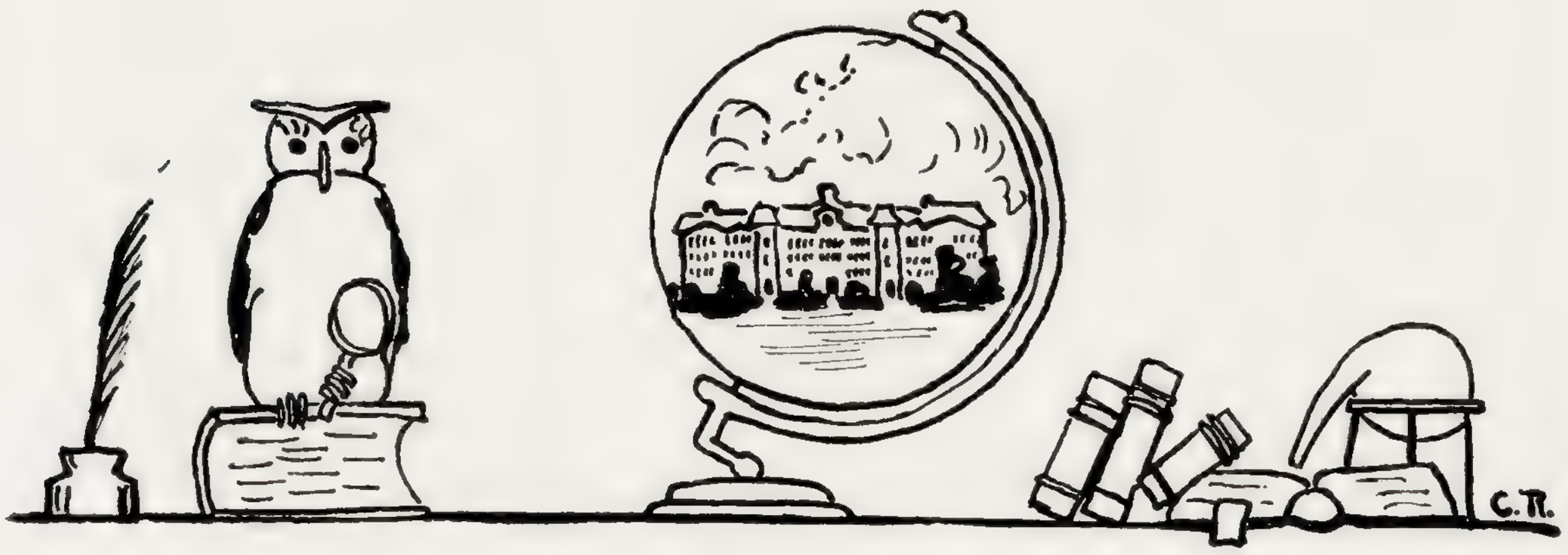
We got only government rations when on a hike—one potato, three slices of bacon, two slices of bread—(sometimes hardtack was substituted) —and enough coffee to make one good strong cup. The cooking was a joke. It would have killed any ordinary human being. But we had been trained so hard we could have eaten anything but shrapnel-shell with a relish. I enjoyed those means we cooked ourselves more than any that I remember and have not yet suffered any ill effects. We usually camped near some farms, so when we had any money with us, we would buy everything from a chicken to bread and honey.

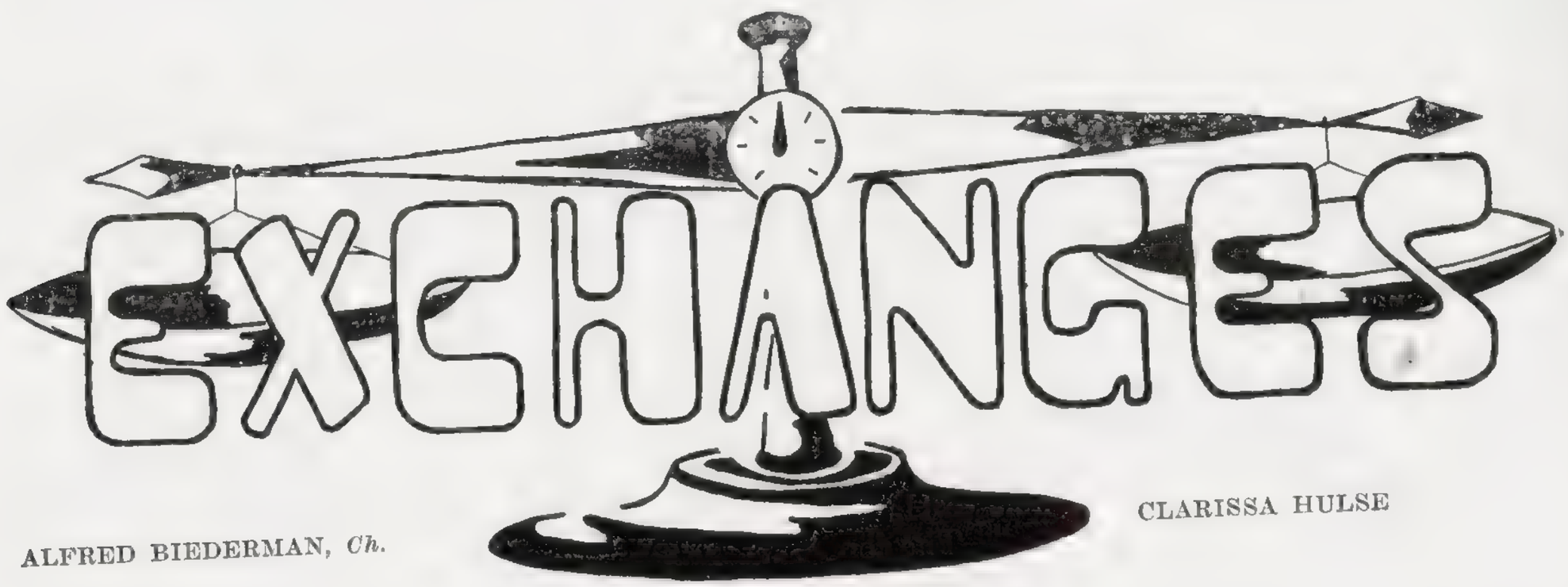
All the fellows enjoyed the hikes and everyone was in the best of spirits whenever we went. There was always lots of fun to be had. One of our camping places in particular afforded us much enjoyment. There was a brook nearby with very steep, muddy banks. As we always rode bareback down to water, lots of us slid off in the process. A halter shank is not much use when one has a frisky horse. And often when we approached the water, the poor thirsty animal would plunge forward, down the bank, and into the stream. A good ducking never hurt any of us. I guess almost every fellow in the troop either fell off or was pushed off his mount at one time or another. We sort of just got into the habit of taking this bath at water-call. On hot days it was most cool and refreshing.

Having been transferred to Headquarters of the Fifth Division, U. S. A., I am no longer a member of the 13th cavalry. However, I shall never regret the summer I spent here in Kansas with M Troop. Other branches of service may have their advantages, but to me the cavalry is the only outfit I care to soldier with.

From the looks of things on the western front, before long the cavalry will once more come into its own and when Fritz sees a charging cow-pony bearing on his back a husky Yankee armed with a rifle, pistol, and saber, and headed in his direction, he won't stop running this side of Berlin. I have taken part in a few and witnessed several other practice charges. And it seems to me that if we ever get one started in Europe old Bill Hohenzollern is likely to have another of his famous "victorious retreats." Just watch our dust!

—W. A. Simmons, '18.





ALFRED BIEDERMAN, *Ch.* CLARISSA HULSE

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Aster, Newark, N. J.; *Attic,* Nutley, N. J.; *Artisan,* Bridgeport, Conn.; *Clarion,* Dover, N. J.; *College News,* Bangkok, Siam.; *Carteret,* Orange, N. J.; *Columbia Alumni News; Counter Currens,* Newark, N. J.; *H. S. Chronicle,* Danbury, Conn.; *Distaff,* Boston, Mass.; *H. S. Herald,* Westfield, Mass.; *Impressions,* Scranton, Pa.; *Lasell Leaves,* Boston, Mass.; *Mirror,* W. Hoboken, N. J.; *Oracle,* Plainfield, N. J.; *Optimist,* Newark, N. J.; *Princeton Pictorial; Quill,* New Brighton, N. Y.; *Student,* Portsmouth, Va.; *Spectator,* Trenton, N. J.; *Skirmisher,* Bordentown, N. J.; *Viking,* Detroit, Mich.; *Eclogue,* Carbondale, Pa.; *Blue and Magenta,* New Concord, O.; *Williams Record; Lafayette,* Lafayette College; *Trenton H. S. Year Book,* Trenton, N. J.

FOREIGN COMMENT.

THE ACROPOLIS: "We found your Exchange editors but not the department. We greatly admire every other feature of your paper and hope you will come regularly as usual."—*Lasell Leaves.*

ACROPOLIS: "Aren't you interested in your alumni? Your literary section is fine."—*High School Chronicle.*

AS WE SEE OTHERS.

There are a few essentials which are "conspicuous by their absence" from the *Cartaret.* Among these ar a table of contents, an Athletics department, and some criticisms of exchanges. Otherwise you have a fine issue. Your jokes are very commendable.

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UNION.

(*Continued from page 7.*)

grandson to the station to see him off. While they were waiting for the train, a buggy drove up and a young soldier and an old man alighted.

As he caught sight of them, young Jack's face lighted.

"Why, grand-dad," he cried, "there's my chum and his grandfather. I forgot they had to come here. This train doesn't stop at their station. Come on and be introduced."

It was useless to protest. The boys were overjoyed to see each other and didn't notice their grandfathers.

Then the train came in. A moment of excitement, of goodbye embraces, and the boys were gone, leaving two lonely old men on the platform.

As the train passed from view, old Theodore Willoughby turned to John Page and held out his hand, which was quickly grasped.

"Well, Jack," he said quietly, "I reckon our war is over."

"I reckon it is," was the reply. "There's only one side to be on in this war, and we are on it, together, chum."

NAUGHTY WORD.

Mrs. Caspari—*Wie sah es aus in der Höhle?* (How did it look in the can?)

Kroto Twins—*Hell!* (Bright.)

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Teacher—Give an example of the comparison of adjectives.

Smarty—I am idle but Irving is Idler.

Teacher in Physics—Your work is almost at the vanishing point.

ODE TO A BROKEN NOSE.

It used to be small and turned up at the end,
It used to be cunnin' and stumpy;
But a fall on the ice it did mend,
Alas, now I fear 'twill be bumpy.

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